

All things being equal, we wish everyone A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

TOIKE



OIKE

TOIKE, OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. XXI

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1929

No. 2

CHRISTMAS AGAIN

As we march along we again have come to a Christmas stop and the turn of the year.

We are travelling a road both easy and hard, a road of hills and twists and turns but a road of wayside pleasure and charm with valleys for rest and hilltops for views.

Canada's road is a happy road on which to march today. We marchers go on with lighter hearts because we know the road leads straight to a great and beckoning journey's end. A road along which, year after year, the architect and engineer will always have his part to do to mould and shape and carve and trim. And then, each year at the long road's end, we can sit and rest and know and be glad that again we have made, by long, hard work, a good and successful year's advance.

Our own Canadian poet, the late Bliss Carman, has told us better than prose can phrase, what are the real charms in the "Joys of the Road":

"Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:

A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown Alluring up and enticing down.

A scrap of gossip at the ferry; A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Who never defers and never demands, But smiling, takes the world in his hands.

These are the joys of the open road— For him who travels without a load."

May your new year's journey in 1930, be full of the joys of the road again and may you have, with which to start, a very good Christmas and a bright New Year.

C. H. MITCHELL,
Dean.

12th December, 1929.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

This may be a Christmas issue, but I feel that during the first half of our year there have been certain achievements worthy of comment. The first of these is the School Dinner. We, as School men, and at this time, are certainly glad to have been at the biggest and most successful School Dinner ever held. Gentlemen, this is an accomplishment. It shows that School is still true to its Spirit. David's Clan surely had a grand reunion.

The second feature that may be mentioned is the Spirit of the Freshmen. To you I extend my heartiest congratulations on the way you have entered into the spirit of School. Never during my time has a freshman class taken such interest, not only in the Engineering Society, but every realm of activity.

Here also I believe it would not be amiss to mention some of the interesting speakers we are having for our Engineering Society meetings during the New Year. Our friend, W. J. Davidson of the General Motors is going to pay his annual visit. Also we have such men as Mr. Carlisle of the Goodyear Rubber Company, and members of other large industrial concerns. These men are everyone worthy of your patronage. I hope you will give us your support in making these Engineering Society Meetings a greater success.

Now, just a word from the Executive to you members of the Society. We have endeavoured to do our best toward upholding the traditions of the Society and the School, have you done your part?

To each year this season has a different significance. To the Senior it is the last lap. His goal has almost been reached. To the Junior it is just a realization that the goal is in sight and that the harder half has been done. To the sophomore there is very little but satisfaction for the good influence

(Continued on Page 2)

WITH SCHOOL ON THE PLAYING FIELD

3 Major Championships

School teams have carried on; let all Schoolmen rest assured that neither actions nor record of any 1929 School team will abate the prestige of the past denizens of the Old Red Building.

While, as we say, all the teams have played the game, the number of successes has been gratifying, and, too, all of them have been decisive. None of these was more so than the Track team's win. A starry team rolled up a huge score of 68 points in the outdoor meet. Rowing? "Old stuff," you will say, "we always get that." But this year the School crew had to beat out the first School freshman eight to take the cup. Finalists in your first year—good work, Frosh!

The score was nicely evened, however, when the Junior Water Poloists overcame the Senior School team in a second all-School final. This game of Water Polo is a real one, and a fine development from the huge interest in swimming these past 5 or 10 years.

For years now School has won the Mulock Cup every second year; this was one of the odd years. Things looked rosy, especially for the Senior Rugbyists, but they met a fine team in Vic, and went down 3-1, Vic subsequently taking the cup handily. Junior School had a splendid team and waged five games against Jr. Meds before taking the count. It is spirit and never-say-die courage such as these boys possess that augur so well for future Mulock Cup champions. Of the crowd, one simply cannot pass by the contribution of Alf. Hancock, whose clever toe and good generalship have already twice helped to bring home this most important Cup.

The Soccer team really did intend to trim Knox this year and have the Arts Cup, but the purple and white (Continued on Page 3)

THE TOIKE OIKE

The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

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SCHOOL DINNER

The Inside Story

One of the editors of this estimable publication asked us to write something for this issue about School Dinner, and make it funny. What a hope! He seemed to think a little bull would go still further with a pinch of cayenne, judiciously administered.

Well, here goes. May our conscience be our guide.

Of course, it is understood that everyone of any importance was at the Dinner, and since the speakers threw so many bouquets at School Men for our intellectual agility, we may assume that even the most veiled reference to any speaker or event will be instantly and correctly interpreted by anyone who may set eyes on this.

In the first place, we think we are safe in saying that the Fortieth Dinner was the biggest dinner ever staged by School, which was put on entirely by Undergrads. (That bunch of violets ought to hold the committee for a while, and make them forget the hours of lectures they missed. Good old soft soap.)

When the attendance figures started to zoom skyward we rushed up to Hart House and told Mr. Gilley. In ten minutes Sam The Cleaner and Jack

from the Tuck Shop could be seen rushing in every direction from Hart House with a flint-lock in each hand and a meat cleaver in the other, in search of unattached turkeys. Sam was last seen in New South Wales, and Jack on the American side of Port Credit.

In spite of this unfortunate incident, Mrs. Hart House managed to corner the market in time, so everyone got an oblique section of gobbler, wit peas, and dressing, and cranberry sauce. By the way, what in Hell happened to all the necks? Problem—If School has a turkey dinner on Tuesday, what are the chances of getting chicken bones in your soup the following Monday? Here is a chance to use your Calculus, Frosh. There will be a prize of one reinforced concrete, silica lined Blast Furnace (No home complete without one.) for the right answer. (Fourth Year and Knox residents barred, because they are professionals when it comes to Modesty, Learning, and Piety, and this contest is sanctioned by the A.A.U. of C.)

We should like to take this opportunity to thank several men, whose names did not appear on the menu card, and who surely deserve recognition for the time and energy they spent on ticket sales and decorating. I hope Woody Woodside, Ross Crerar, Jack Franklin, Les Clegg and other workers will not blush too deeply when we mention their names in this connection. But we want them to understand that their efforts were not unappreciated.

And we mustn't forget that asterick thermometer. In spite of our best efforts to keep the readings accurate, several enterprising and loyal gentlemen from various years felt that a low figure was a personal insult, and proceeded to rectify the error by adding liquid by whatever means came to hand. Judging by the amount of water spread around at the time someone must have used a 3-inch fire hose. Next year it will be suspended from the aerial on the Electrical Building, where it can only be reached by skyrocket.

At any rate, what we meant to say in the first place was that those who weren't at the Dinner missed something more than just a good meal. We advise those unfortunates to whom a dollar looked like sixteen car rides to send a very nice letter to Santy Claus. Perhaps he'll bring something they can hock for a dollar when next year's Dinner comes along.

G. M. MASON,
 Chairman,
 School Dinner Committee.

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he has had on the freshmen. To the freshman it is just a good start on a long hard grind. Of this fact by now he is more than conscious as examinations confront him.

School Spirit and good fellowship have been felt not only in the faculty, but also in the whole University. These have radiated to the credit of School.

Let us not forget that the first term is over. The second is for us to improve. With this idea in view we believe the next term cannot help surpass the past.

Wishing you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

N. D. ADAMS.

THE QUEEN'S AND MCGILL GAME

(According to Clue Moulden, former Sporting Editor of "The Warsity")

Queenie elected to receive, and seemed to have the best of the going at first. Her line appeared quite a bit better than Mac's. He was also fumbling at crucial moments. Suddenly, however, he made several beautiful passes, the last one of which resulted in a considerable gain for him. But here he became careless and was penalized for holding. He also lost some ground by being offside.

Both sides went into a huddle of considerable duration. After this Mac seemed to be resorting to unnecessary roughness, and Queenie kicked. Mac resorted to another pass which was successful. Time out for refreshments. Queenie was looking badly mussed up, but she gained a momentary advantage with one of her pet plays. Here, however, Mac's line appeared to good advantage, and Mac held. He was using his hands beautifully.

Both sides were obviously affected by the heat and went into another huddle. Mac tried another pass which was blocked. Queenie's middle, however, was weakening, and he made several good gains. He seemed to be picking up more speed all the time. From that point on both defenses were and Queenie's kicking game collapsed. completely ineffective, and the scoring was heavy.

Rook—So the freshmen were surprised that they were able to sit down after the initiation?

Roch—Yes, they couldn't believe their rears.

(Continued from Page 1)

had other notions so the "old brigade" will graduate—sans Arts Cup. The "old brigade" in this case, consists mostly of IV yr. Chemicals, much as the III yr. Miners chiefly comprise the Senior Water Polo team.

The B.W. and F.'s showed unexpected power in wrestling and Eaton (I), also accounted for the 175 lb. Boxing in the Junior Assault. There will be a strong team available including the formidable Albert E. Tyson, for the Senior Assault.

A later issue will follow the fortunes of the hockey, baseball and basketball players, the swimmers and the gymnasts. At time of press the successes would appear plentiful indeed, under Jerry Wood's regime.

Many men are representing School this year on the Big Teams. Comprising the rather large contingent on the Intercollegiate Rugby team were Davey, Hallam, White, Fitzpatrick and Elson. Carrying on with the O.R.F.U.'s were Britnell, Burke, Adams, Ran Stringer and Rog. Baker.

Adams, Fitzpatrick, Connolly, Hymen, Collins, Smith, Howe, Donaldson, and Mason, formed the backbone, heart and soul of the Varsity Track team.

The Soccerites had Downing, Gregg, Helper and Ward, while Franklin and MacKay played on the Rugger squad. Water Polo claimed Alexander and Ward; and Chalmers, Boyd, Peaker and Davidson rowed on the Varsity eight. Collins and Newman are important men on the Senior Basketball team, and Hockey claims Smillie, McNichol, Clute.

C.W.W.

—And then there is a School frosh who is so collegiate that the coat on his tongue is raccoon.

George Jacobi knows of a girlie who wanted to hang up her expensive silk stockings, but didn't have the heart to do it.

Co-ed—I'm terribly sorry, but I don't think I'd better come to your party to-night. I haven't been able to keep anything on my stomach for a week.

Irv. Chalmers—Please come. I promise there won't be any strip poker.

Harlow—Please! Please! Be quiet. Puddy—Okay, dearie, no sooner said than dumb.

WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME

DAIME LUMLEY—For being a female and having enough nerve to enter School and for being president of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Women of S.P.S.

GONTRIN ROCHEREAU DE LA SABLIERE—For having a hell of a long name and for driving the worst looking crock that ever graced a campus.

AL ROOKE—For selling so many tickets for a raffle on a plough.

KEN JOYNER—For playing the virginal maid in last year's School Nite with such gusto.

TED BEAMENT—For having such beautiful curly hair and for selling tickets for girls' subscription dances.

GEORGE JACOBI—For representing 75% of the noise in third year Mechanicals and for not blushing when he had his girl friend for a ride in an aeroplane, and she asked him to drive into the next cloud for she had to see a man about about an eagle.

JOHN EMERSON—For being so gullible.

JERRY McVEAN—For being so very, very beautiful and such a bear with the women.

GUMMY ROCHESTER—For buying a ticket for Al Rooke's raffle.

BERT TYSON—For being of such manly form.

NED WARD—For being so tall.

MAT WARD—For being so short.

BEE BEE PUDDY—For having thumped so many people on the back and is still living.

NATE ADAMS—For being President of our society and for being so kind and gentle with the Frosh.

ELSON—For being in the vicinity where somebody could hand him the ball for a couple of touchdowns.

WILF. NEWMAN—For being able to become inebriated on the smallest quantity of liquor. We envy him.

Mr. Waine—Could you give me a sentence with the word Europe in it?

Bill Algie—Gosh, Europe to your old tricks again.

Nick Corry—Do you (hic) suppose these bareback dresses will get any lower than they are?

Ralph Scace—No, the end is in sight now.

Nick Corry—For heaven's sake, I haven't seen any cut that low.

Clute—I play the ponies.

Blonde—Well, lay off the calves.

(Advertisement)

MEARLE SIEDERMAN

The Bustle Builder
TALKS TO ALL WOMEN

IF YOU WERE DYING TO-NIGHT and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, ladies, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now it the time. Tomorrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance!

A RE-BUILT WOMAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a woman who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly girl and watch her grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINE MONTHS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your legs in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old backbone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you're only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 8 months more (9 in all), and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL WOMAN

When I'm through with you you're a real woman. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible and the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep, full, chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood, and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive, muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular woman. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of a new life for you.

Send for My New 64-Page Book.

"BUSTLE DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

MEARLE SIEDERMAN

The Bustle Builder

SMIKE'S DREAM

Smike went to bed early that night. That fifth helping of Christmas pudding was just passing the fourth rite as he crawled heavily between the sheets. His last conscious thought was a vague impression that somehow or other he had to get over this damn uncomfortable feeling under his chest before those ruddy January finals popped up.

Slipping idly through the sky as they were passing Mars it suddenly occurred to him that he had seen the pilot before. By Jove, he was the solemn looking bird who somehow made you feel he was always laughing at you. Used to draw queer complicated pictures about castings and crankshafts. Well, looks as if he's found his place—always was keen on aeronautics. Hmm. That big red star on the port side—Betelgeuse, I guess. Hullo, here's a smoky old planet we're coming to.

The plane glided easily down to the landing stage dropped its solitary passenger and faded from view.

Smike found himself sliding down a long rolling curve in the company of a short portly gentleman who had an atrocious sense of humour.

They passed sign posts at a dizzy pace, so that the x's, y's and z's thereon ran into each other. Suddenly at $x^3+y^3=3axy$, they were projected into space, the portly gentleman disappeared and Smike just caught a Fink rooftruss in time to save himself from a short grinning fair-haired imp who was expounding Einstein's theory by means of a statical diagram and a pair of oars.

For a brief moment our hero surveyed the dreadful scene. The heat was intense and for the first time he realized that his naked body was now a rosy, lobsterlike hue, and that the forked thing between his legs must be a tail. Just then his grip relaxed and as he fell into a huge vat of liquid $H_2 S$, he remarked that it certainly looked like Hell. At the moment a crusty, undersized devil yelled, "Too late", and shut the lid in his face. As he slid off the top of the cauldron a shower of sparks electrified him and he ducked just in time to miss a thunderbolt that shot past his head, only to have a lean, cadaverous devil project him on a horizontal plane and give him a fourth dimension with his left hand. A red headed devil slightly bald, shot around a corner, and took after poor Smike with a red and white pitchfork roaring, "Line", at the top of his lusty lungs. This was too much for the lad and he fell through a swing

door labelled S-15, where a meek, inoffensive little English imp swept him into a corner and told him to take it easy because he'd only been through one aeon and the next three were worse. After listening to the coarse voices of a lot of roaring drunks at the windows singing a rude ditty about forty beers our hero crept out once more to see whither lay a way of escape.

Alas for his hopes. He had just reached the door-way when a particularly black and sooty devil seized him by the neck and where his pants should have been and ordered him to develop the formula $PU = \frac{M}{S} V$ for the expansion of beer, other things being equal. At this point Smike lapsed into unconsciousness and for the next three aeons, his swirling thoughts pictured an indiscriminate and heterogeneous mass of incomprehensible material.

It was just at the beginning of the fourth aeon when he began to regain consciousness that a trusting little devil wearing a big cumbersome horse collar pattered up and slipping his hand into Smike's smiled up at him, and asked where the "choo choo" was. Smike led him gently to a nearby cliff and being naturally of a tender nature, closed his eyes to the dreadful sight, and pushed him over. Returning from this pleasant diversion, he was about to glance through a copy of College Humour he had found near a lot of shapeless machinery, when a little, roly poly imp with a cheerful grin on his face, bounced up and told him he had three years to finish it. This was a little disconcerting, but our hero had faced many more difficult problems so he let go with both barrels and disappeared in a cloud of blue smoke. This path now led him past an unsupported column at the top of which sat a distinguished-looking Satanic attendant who, with sly delight, was tossing red hot rivets, reinforced concrete chunks, and column bases at all passers-by while hissing in most discordant fashion. Dodging this arch fiend, Smike bumped a harmless old devil who was playing submarine with a lot of toy boats, and sent him head first and protesting volubly into a turbine wheel that cut off his available head. This hostile action evidently upset a nice rosy-cheeked imp who said he had a lot of brains and forthwith took him in charge leading him to his great high all-powerful Satanic majesty.

The awesome personage, all covered with red hot brass buttons and gold braid, was playing with a toy aeroplane when the latest victim was pre-

sented, and seemed very much put out at the disturbance.

Overcome by weariness, Smike staggered to the nearest chair and sat down on its red hot surface. This was the personage's cue to roar, "No smoking", and gave him the boot, being highly amused at the crude humour he displayed.

"Toike Oike and Christmas Hell," muttered Smike, as he fell carelessly downstairs and woke up.

CLEAN THOUGHT SOCIETY

The atmosphere existing in the bunk house at Gull Lake Camp led to the formation of this society.

The chief aim of this little band of kindred spirits was the organization and promotion of "Good Clean Fun".

After a sumptuous banquet, on Dec. 5, 1929, the society held their annual election. The following officers were elected:

Bert Tyson, III, President.
Ted Jones, IV, Vice-President.
Jim Pierdon, III, Secretary.
George Smith, IV, Treasurer.

THE COLD SHOWER

First Schoolman: Boy, there's nothing like an icy shower in the morning to fill you full of pep.

Second Schoolman: You said it. It beats all the medicine in the world.

First Schoolman: Why, the mere thought of bounding out of bed and into that bracing water just makes me tingle with vigor.

Second Schoolman: And how that snappy rub-down afterward will make the blood pound in your veins! A cold shower is rejuvenator, that's what it is.

First Schoolman: Yeh, it'll take the years off your shoulders and put on live muscle. And will it chase away the fat! Say, there's nothing like cold showers to give you a figure like an Apollo.

Second Schoolman: These people who can't stand a little cold water have my sympathy. If they knew what a tonic it was they'd all jump under a shower every morning, winter and summer alike.

First Schoolman: Yeh, these weaklings get on your nerves. You can't get anywhere on the road to health and vigor if you're afraid of a little cold water.

Second Schoolman: That's the truth. How long have you been taking cold showers?

First Schoolman: I'm going to start tomorrow morning.

Second Schoolman: That's a coincidence. So am I.